

Love Calling by OurLadyofPerpetualWallflowers

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Summary:

There's music blaring somewhere, Billy Idol singing about Love Calling, and Steve's had a beer or two. His Billy has got his shirt off and his jeans undone, tight denim clinging to his hips, and his ever-present necklace is swaying back and forth ever so slightly as he pants above Steve in the guest bedroom of whoever's house they're in. One hand grasps Steve's waist and Steve bites back a smile.

"Ah-ah." He chides and gently (always gently) raps Billy's knuckles with his hand. "No touching remember? Now get your pants off."

Love Calling

Author's Note:

I haven't written fic in years so be gentle. Billy in canon is terrible, I know this, but I also see a shit ton of potential for him to be less terrible and that's what I'm playing with so deal with it or, you know, don't read the fic. I don't mind. You do you, sugars. I've got about 70,000 words in various scenes and snippets on my computer so you'll probably see more about these ridiculous 80s boys from me soon. Title is from the Billy Idol song.

For much of his life, Steve admits that he has coasted through the world on the path of least resistance.

Hang out with Tommy and Carol, whose parents know the right people even though they're terrible people? Sure.

Screw around in school because his old man is going to get him a job at his company anyway? Why not.

Spend his life in the same small town that he grew up in and his parents grew up in and his grandparents grew up in? Sounds fine.

But at some point-maybe when he decided to date Nancy, maybe when he ran back into the house with the monster in it, maybe when he refused to let Dustin and the rest of the shitheads get eaten by a demodog-at some point, he started to take an active role in his life. As with most things, there have been some good and some bad results. Missing all his college deadlines had been bad but he'd talked with Hopper, worked his ass off, and gotten into a criminal justice program in Chicago. He's not sure if he's going to look into the police academy like he planned, he's become strangely fascinated with his psychology textbook but he's got options. That was good. He's back in town for a week, and going to all the graduation parties with Jonathan and Nancy is... not bad, per say, more like really fucking weird but this? Right now? This is a good result.

There's music blaring somewhere, Billy Idol singing about Love Calling, and Steve's had a beer or two. His Billy has got his shirt off and his jeans undone, tight denim clinging to his hips, and his ever-present necklace is swaying back and forth ever so slightly as he pants above Steve in the guest bedroom of whoever's house they're in. One hand grasps Steve's waist and Steve bites back a smile.

"Ah-ah." He chides and gently (always gently) raps Billy's knuckles with his hand. "No touching remember? Now get your pants off."

Billy whines-honestly whines-and reluctantly moves his hand from where it had been gripping Steve's waist as he rises up from his knees to stand at the side of the bed. "Then fucking do something, man." He complains as he shimmys, *fucking shimmys*, his jeans off and stands there naked with his hands on his hips as he takes in Steve's reclining pose on the bed.

"Hmm. But I haven't decided what I want to do with you yet." Steve beckons and Billy slips back onto the bed with an eye roll, straddling Steve's waist, solid weight a delicious pressure on Steve's cock trapped in his jeans and making him arch up to get more of it. Steve's hands run up Billy's bare chest to flick over his nipples before lightly running his nails down his ribs, sending tiny flickers of desire racing through his body in response. Billy's still whining as he fists his hands in the sheets and grinds down, tiny sub-vocalizations that Steve knows he doesn't realize he's making and Steve loves it.

Loves that he can do this, that Billy lets him do this, that somehow they got to the point where they both look forward to this. They don't get it enough, not yet, not while Billy's still in Hawkins and Max is still in Neil's house. There's history there, years spent miles away on another coast before Steve had ever heard of Billy Hargrove, history that Billy won't share just yet but that makes him shake his head and state that he can't leave Hawkins until Max is out of it too. She's got four years to go, starts high school with the rest of the kids in a few months and it's caused plenty of fights for everyone involved about whether or not Chicago is too far away for Billy to go to college. But that's not what tonight is about.

Steve arches up again, planting his feet on the bed to get enough leverage to really make Billy feel it and for his effort, he gets a quiet

little moan and a full body shudder from the blond. Steve's grinning now, widely as he brushes Billy's curls out of his face and leans up just enough to run his tongue up the cords in the blond's neck before he sucks just the slightest bit at the thin skin under Billy's ear. Billy swears and growls, pushing back with his hips and using the fifteen or so pounds he's got on Steve to crowd him back down onto the bed, but his hands stay fisted in the sheets, his tan skin never touching anywhere but where Steve's covered in clothes, and that rebellious toeing of the line is so essentially Billy that it makes something hot and tender curl in Steve's chest.

He wraps an arm around Billy's shoulders and pulls him down, encouraging him to cover him with his weight, even as his other hand is busy undoing his own pants and rucking up his shirt until their chests are pressed together and Steve can get their cocks lined up. Billy hisses in triumph at the sensation and his fists leave the sheets to grip the headboard instead as he begins to rock against him, head falling back and eyes fluttering shut as he curses.

"Shit. Fuck yeah, come on." Steve tightens his grip, twists his hand at the top and then slides it back down, thumb rubbing the vein on the underside of Billy's cock as he does. He's not getting a lot of sensation out of this, the angle not quite right and he's paying all the attention to Billy, but he barely cares about getting off right now. This is about the beautiful man above him, about getting him back, about reminding him that he's safe and loved and wanted, about showing him that he's Steve's.

Billy gives a particularly rough thrust and Steve tangles his fingers in blond curls, coaxing his head back down till he can see blue eyes just starting to glaze over. "Easy. Easy, honey. I've got you." Billy slows down, hips going from a frantic thrusting to a steady rocking as Steve's words sink in. He collapse down onto his elbows, knees splayed wide as he all but humps Steve's hand, and his mouth is open, hovering over Steve's as Billy holds his gaze. "That's it. Let me take care of you, hmm? Let me make you feel good." Steve doesn't let him reply, uses the hand in Billy's hair to gently (always so gently) gently coax Billy into a sloppy kiss that nonetheless has Steve' moaning for how good it is. Billy breaks off the kiss and lets his head go slack, Steve's hand the only thing keeping it up and Steve chuckles

at the bratty move but shifts the mass of curls until Billy's head is tucked into his neck, Billy's hot breath dancing over his collarbone as he tightens his grip and begins stroking Billy's cock again, precum slicking the way and making his hand glide over the soft skin. Billy's breathing picks up in time with Steve's strokes and when he lets out a small sob Steve's hand leaves his hair to trail down his back to the curve of his ass, long fingers barely pressing over the tiny pucker before Billy's curling in and quietly keening in Steve's ear as his orgasm washes over him.

Steve's own hard cock gives a sympathetic jump at the sight but he ignores it, gently stroking Billy's body as he comes down, pressing kisses to his head wherever he can reach. He glances up at Billy's hands, still wrapped around the headboard and he sighs, squeezes the blond closer and murmurs in his ear.

"So good for me, Billy. God, you're so perfect, honey." Billy shudders, buries his face even more in Steve's neck, teeth beginning to nibble at Steve's skin even as he downright cuddles into Steve's arms. Steve just holds him tighter, continuing to stroke his back and side, using his nails gently (never anything but gentle) to add another layer of connection to it, just an edge of pain to prove to Billy that it's real because he still can't help but believe that pain is the only true thing in his life.

Someone walks by the door, jiggles the handle and walks on, and abruptly Steve remembers that they're at a stranger's house-no, oh shit, no, they're at *Tommy's house*, oh god-Steve holds back his laughter and lightly slaps Billy's ass. "Come on, let's get out of here, hmm?" Billy rolls off of the bed and stands, cum spattered on his chest, dim light from the streetlamp outside bathing him in a orange glow, face relaxed and shoulders loose as he effortlessly slides back into his jeans and yanks on his boots.

"What'd you have in mind, college boy?"

Steve uses the edge of the cover to wipe up his own chest and doesn't miss the way Billy's eyes track his movement as he tucks his still hard dick back into his shorts and zips up his slacks. He stands, leans in for a kiss just so he can make Billy tilt his head back and close the extra inch between them by stretching up just a bit on the balls of his feet.

Billy scowls into the kiss but comes back for another and Steve smiles again. He smiles a lot around Billy.

“You. Me. Bottle of jack. My room in an empty house...” He trails off as Billy licks his lips and shrugs his shirt back on, heedless of the cum still covering his abs as he ruffles hair back into order. Steve feels so much affection right now, he feels drunk and he can barely keep his thoughts together. “Why, got a better offer?”

Billy’s smirk changes, softens just a bit into a real smile as he cups Steve’s face and pulls him back in to press his lips to the corner of Steve’s mouth. “Never gonna find better than you, babe.”

Yeah. Steve thinks as they slip out of the house and make their way to their cars, eyes catching and releasing as they effortlessly make it look like they’re leaving at the same time but not together. Steve finds the glow of Billy’s tail lights up ahead familiar and comfortable, like the feel of his nail bat in his hands, the smell of his mom’s perfume, the chatter of the kids in his backseat. He glances at the glovebox, where two plane tickets to LA are tucked away. He thinks about the sun on Billy’s hair and the sheer amount of sunscreen he’s gonna have to wear to not turn bright red. He lets himself imagine Billy in his tiny apartment in Chicago, cluttering up the place with his records and clothes, leaving coffee cups everywhere and making Steve’s bed smell like cigarettes and cheap cologne. It’s not likely, not while Max is still at home but someday.

This is a good result.

Steve follows Billy home.